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Contents

Editorial Notes 327
Leading Editorials
Alternative Policies in Russia 329
The Economic League 331
John Purroy Mitchel 332
A Civil War Analogy 334
General Articles
The Temper of the A.E.F...Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant 336
Because I Am a Magyar.....Eugene S. Bagger 338
Needed: Another Emancipation Proclamation.....
.....Rose Strunsky 341
Hearts of the World.....Kenneth Macgowan 342
The Education of Joan and Peter—III....H. G. Wells 344
Correspondence 346
Reviews of Books
Totem and Taboo.....F. H. 347
A Glass of Fashion.....H. J. L. 348
Conclusive History.....G. B. Adams 349
Recent Publications 350

AMERICANS have the best of reasons for awaiting the outcome of the new German attack with confidence and hope. No doubt it will be more than usually intense and prolonged. The Germans have consumed a great deal of precious time in their antecedent preparations, which means either that they were obliged to overcome unexpected obstacles or that they are exerting themselves to the utmost in order to accomplish decisive results by it. But their chances of success are nevertheless smaller than formerly. They have missed the element of surprise at the beginning of the attack and the initial momentum has apparently been more quickly checked. It does not follow that the attack is already defeated. There are anxious days and even weeks ahead. But it does follow that they will have to pay the full price for every additional mile of French territory occupied, and it follows that in all probability progress will be slow and exhausting. As we have repeatedly pointed out it is more enervating to give blows than to receive them in all intense and prolonged fighting, assuming, of course, that the blows do not reach a vital spot. It looks as if the present blow, whatever additional territory it may conquer, will, if it is finally parried, be even more enervating than its predecessors, precisely because a larger amount of vitality has been consumed in preparing for it and in delivering it.

IF the present blow is parried, the German Staff may not be able to repeat it with anything like the same intensity and endurance. For some weeks are certain to be consumed in pushing the attack home, and after it is parried the Germans will require some weeks more to recover their breath, renew their preparations and begin again. But by that time the first of September will have come, and there will be four hundred thousand additional American soldiers in France and England. This steadily and rapidly increasing American army will not only make a decisive German victory impossible, if delayed, but it will force the German Command to hesitate about paying too high a price in the effort to obtain it. The German Staff cannot afford to carry the process of exhaustion too far, because if they do they expose their lines to counter-attack later in the fall, dangerous in proportion to the fresh divisions employed in it. After September 1st the Germans will have to reckon on the grave probability that by some time in October the American army may be able to take the offensive; and this future threat will act as a present deterrent. It must be remembered also that the British army has not been heavily engaged for ten weeks and has had an abundant time to reform, to bring up new drafts, and to accumulate reserves of material. The Germans will be obliged either to spend part of their attacking energy in keeping the British army occupied or else expose themselves to a dangerous counter-attack from that quarter. Altogether the German Staff has quite as much to think about as has General Foch, and in so far as the present attack fails to be decisive, they will have even more cause for anxiety.

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THE symptoms and consequences of anxiety are visible in the political news from Berlin. The government is already beginning to prepare for the peace negotiations which are the goal and the object of the summer's fighting. These preparations have revived the internal dissensions in that country. Von Kühlmann had to go because he announced the failure of Ludendorff's plans, which were based upon the winning of a military victory in 1918. But his dismissal will only increase the embarrassments of a government which cannot afford to face the facts, and is forced to play the game two ways. The successes of the German army have not been and will not be decisive. From the German point of view the only fair chance, consequently, of obtaining even a semi-satisfactory peace is to start a negotiation which will divide the Allies; and this they cannot do without offering to some member of the anti-German Alliance terms which it will be hard to explain to the German people as the results and the evidences of victory. The German Chancellor has begun by proposing practically the status quo ante in the west, the return of the German colonies and the Brest-Litovsk treaties. But he will have to go much further than this even to obtain a hearing and assuming the Germans are in dire need of peace this fall, he will undoubtedly go further before the snow flies. As soon as he does propose still further concessions, the German Junkers will desert him and the liberals will ask with redoubled violence whether a government which has forced the German people to pay such a price for so dubious a result has any claim on the allegiance of a patriotic German.

IT is profoundly significant that von Kühlmann has followed Czernin into the scrap-heap of discarded statesmen. Both of these men were, we believe, sincerely anxious to negotiate a peace which would be healing in its general effect without injuring the ruling order in their countries. But when put to the test by the negotiations with Russia, they both accepted the dictation of Ludendorff and the Junkers and signed treaties whose perpetuation would build up an impassable barrier to a peace of ultimate conciliation. It would have been better for their own reputations if they had resigned rather than accept the eastern treaties, for they and their policy were defeated at Brest-Litovsk. But they elected to stay on in spite of their failure and by so doing they were placing their heads upon the block for eventual decapitation by the Junker swordsmen. From the point of view of the enemies of the German autocracy, within and without Germany, it is better so. Czernin and von Kühlmann represented a well-intentioned attempt to make a purse of political silk out of material furnished in part by the sow's ear of the old ruling order in Austria and Germany. It failed as it was bound to fail. Prussian Junkerism must run its course and conquer or die, and the German and Austrian liberals who wish to re-open communications between their people and ours will have to be made of different stuff.

RUMANIA ceded the Dobrudja not to Bulgaria, who supposed her claim to it indefeasible in the eyes of her Allies, but to the Central Powers as a group. This was an arrangement characteristic of German diplomacy. The Germans knew that Turkey would presently raise the question whether at least the northern part of the Dobrudja, which is hardly more Bulgarian in population than it is Turkish, might not properly fall to her share. The collapse of Russia and the German version of events on the west have inspired in the chauvinistic party of Turkey a dream of paramountcy on the Black Sea. They want the Crescent restored in the Crimea and in the marshes of lower Bessarabia. A section of the Dobrudja would fit excellently into this general scheme. The Germans are not at all displeased that the Turks should sustain themselves with vain ambitions of this kind. It reduces the chance that Turkey will withdraw from the war out of sheer exhaustion and weariness. Moreover, it offers an additional pledge of Bulgaria's loyalty. It was hard to convince the Bulgarian peasant of the necessity of continuing the war, so long as he seemed to hold within his grasp all that he had fought for. But if Turkey covets his lands there is an imperative reason why he should keep on trying to please Germany.

WHENEVER it is proposed to lay heavy excise taxes upon luxuries, the trades affected make the most of the fact that such a tax defeats its own ends. A sharp advance in the price of most luxuries, such as taxation would entail, is almost certain to reduce consumption. Revenues from such sources tend to fall short of expectations. This is indeed a valid reason why taxes on luxuries should not be employed to relieve incomes and excess profits of the heaviest rates they can be made to bear. For revenue we had best draw heavily upon the sources that yield it with certainty. But with revenue otherwise provided, the restrictive tendencies of the luxury tax would be an advantage to the nation. The fewer luxuries we consume the better. We do not have an excess of labor beyond what we need to provide munitions and supplies for war and the necessities of life for our general population.

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Alternative Policies in Russia

THE Russian crisis to which we referred in these columns a few weeks ago is now actually upon us. The administration has probably decided already upon the amount and kind of assistance which it will render to Russia in the hope of reviving the national resistance in that country to German domination and penetration. An announcement of what the government will do cannot be long delayed. The triumph of the Allied armies and of the Allied cause may depend upon the nature of the proposals and upon their subsequent efficacy in rehabilitating Russia.

Intimations in the newspapers as to the nature of the plan are contradictory and obscure, but a sufficient number of facts have leaked out to justify us in drawing certain conclusions. The first crude, not to say barbarous, project of invading Siberia with a million or more Japanese troops and of occupying that country without considering the susceptibilities of its inhabitants, the opposition of the Russian revolutionary government and the future peace of the world, is said to be abandoned. It has met from the beginning with uncompromising opposition from the American General Staff and from President Wilson. Any alternative plan will at least go through the form of seeking support among the Russian people for the work of emancipating them from German domination. It becomes, consequently, a matter of some importance to decide what the present attitude of the Russian people is.

There are two conflicting accounts now being submitted to the American government of the disposition of a majority of the Russian people. According to one of these accounts, they would on the whole eagerly and gratefully rally around any centre of national resistance to German penetration established by the Allied governments and sustained by an Allied military force. Six months ago, it is admitted, this statement would not have been true. At that time the Russian people wanted peace at any price. But their experience during the winter and spring, the suffering, the humiliation and the calamities which the German peace has accumulated on their heads has caused a revulsion in feeling. They would now gladly support any organized reaction against the Soviet government and the German peace strong enough to protect them from the consequences of a revolt against the power of the Soviets.

According to the other account the Soviet government is stronger now than it was six months ago. The Russian people, it is true, are hungry, troubled and suffering, but their former rulers inured them to pain and tribulation and starvation. They are humiliated and oppressed, but not any more than they used to be by the bourgeoisie and the bureaucracy and the Grand Dukes. They are surrounded by uncertainty, disorder, dearth and terror, but what guarantee have they that the intelligentsia and the bourgeoisie, who would be the leaders of a revolution against the Soviets, would guarantee to them self-respect, abundance, and social security? The dominant fact in the mental life of the Russian people today consists of one obsession. They believe that a counter-class revolution would necessarily aim at destroying the local political autonomy and the economic enfranchizement which they have obtained as a result of the Revolution. They will fight, it is said, for this stake when they would not think of fighting for all manner of middle class ideals and standards which appeal to no realities in their education and experience.

Which one of these accounts is true is a question of fact of critical importance in deciding what to do about Russia. They are both entertained by people of abundant sources of information who are biased in favor of accepting one account rather than another because they do or do not wish to destroy and uproot the present Soviet government. If a plan based on one of these accounts is adopted and the account proves to be untrue, the plan will be a failure and Russia turned over indefinitely to Germany. Have we, then, any reason to accept one of these accounts rather than the other? And is there any way of testing out which of them is correct?

There is a plan of military intervention in Siberia now being pressed on the consideration of President Wilson by the French and British governments, which its advocates explain and defend as an attempt to test out the truth of these two conflicting accounts of the state of mind of the Russian people. According to the newspapers, the idea is not to put an army into Russia, but a sublimated police force. It is to consist of not more than fifty thousand men and is to be composed of approximately equal numbers of Japanese and American troops, supported by a smaller of French and British. Manifestly an army of this size is not numerous enough to occupy Siberia or any considerable proportion of that vast territory. It is not even numerous enough, in the event of Russian hostility, to police the trans-Siberian railroad. Its effectiveness as a military force would depend entirely on the amount of support which it could gather on Russian soil from Russian sources. If, as many enemies of the Bolsheviki declare, it were received with enthusiasm and gratitude, it might quickly recruit enough Russian assistance to occupy Siberia and reestablish an eastern front as far west

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as the Ural mountains. If it were sustained by a majority of the population and opposed by a strong minority, its progress might be slower, but still sufficient to set up an active and effective center of resistance to German military and economic penetration. But if the resistance which it would certainly encounter from the Soviet government were supported by a majority of the inhabitants of any part of Siberia into which it penetrated, then it would merely as a matter of military prudence have to withdraw.

A plan of this kind is assuredly a manifest improvement upon the original idea of Japanese invasion. The military force would at least have the appearance of being used in subordination to the political purpose of reviving Russian national resistance to Germany, and its enthusiastic approval by Russian patriots who are themselves sincerely anxious to preserve the benefits of the Russian Revolution is explicable. When, however, it is justified and defended as a method of testing out the comparative truth of the two accounts of the state of mind of a majority of the Russian people, we find it difficult to accept the justification. In effect it will not test out the question so much as prejudge it.

If a military force of this size is landed in Siberia, it will be impossible by any proclaimed programme of political neutrality to allay the suspicion of those Russians who consider the fruits of the Revolution dependent upon the authority of the Soviets. Whatever the intention of the invaders, the effect of the invasion would be to provoke a civil conflict in Russia which would injure rather than benefit the Allied cause unless as a matter of fact the Russian people have already turned against the Soviets. German propaganda would proclaim it to be a counter-revolutionary enterprise and the Bolshevik leaders would denounce it with the utmost bitterness and prepare to resist it to the death. Its first business would, consequently, necessarily be to destroy the Soviet government which was opposing its success. This job would offer no difficulties, provided the vast majority of the Russian people were as anxious for a change as the friends of military intervention claim. But what if they were not? The invasion would not only depend for its success upon the existence of a state of mind in Russia favorable to its purposes, but its military character would inflame any existing popular hostility to the Allies and offer the German political and military offensive an extremely favorable opportunity for further conquests. In so far as such hostility was aroused, the Allied army would not be supporting Russian national resistance to German domination, but would be aiding one faction in a bitter civil war, which its own invasion of Russian territory would have provoked.

If civil war did supervene, as it probably would, the ostensible political purpose of the invasion would be crushed out by inexorable military facts. The Allied governments could not withdraw the Allied army because of the consequent loss of prestige, and because its withdrawal would be equivalent to abandoning the friends of the Allies in Russia to the mercy of their enemies. The army would have to be reinforced, and there would be only one source from which sufficiently abundant reenforcements could come, viz., Japan. It would become a matter of military necessity to throw in a body of Japanese troops large enough to overcome all Russian resistance and to occupy as much of Siberia as could safely be occupied. In that case the actual result of the new plan would not be essentially different from the one first proposed. It would involve the occupation of Siberia by the Japanese army, if possible with the consent of the inhabitants, if necessary without. And the Japanese army would be committed by the logic of its military situation to the overthrow of the Soviet government and to the extermination of its supporters.

The advantage of penetrating Russia by a civil economic commission rather than by an army is that it avoids the awful penalties of a military invasion, in case the Soviets are still sustained by the mass of the Russian people. It prejudges nothing and could not create any antagonism except on the part of Germans and frank pro-Germans. If it could control sufficient resources in business and engineering ability and in material resources, and was able effectively to supply Russia's economic deficiencies it would lay the necessary foundation for pro-Ally sentiment and for both moral and physical rehabilitation. The Allies cannot overcome without a period of preparation the results of the past errors of their Russian policy. After the French and British support of Korniloff, of the counter-revolution in the Ukraine, and of a necessarily predatory Japanese invasion of Siberia, they can hardly expect the Russian revolutionists to interpret a military invasion as prompted chiefly by a desire to rescue the Russian democracy from the stranglehold of the German autocracy. They must go slow until they have allayed suspicion. They will accomplish more to injure Germany by going slow and by consulting the natural apprehensions and susceptibilities of the Soviets than by invading Siberia with an army whose chief work for many months would probably consist in killing Bolsheviki and their supporters. In any event a certain measure of economic reconstruction is indispensable to the creation of an effective fighting

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force with which to oppose the Germans in the East. If the Allied governments will begin with that end of their task, they will be adopting the most effective possible measure to renationalize Russia and to destroy the credit of the Soviet government with the Russian people, in so far as its Bolshevik leaders are hostile to Russian national recovery.

The Economic League

HISTORY moved forward many stages between the time of the Paris Economic Conference and that of Robert Cecil's recent declaration of an economic league of the twenty-four nations allied against Germany. The world has become international minded in the interval. The Paris agreement was indeed defensive in its main objects, but the punitive element was strongly in evidence. However the war turned out, Germany was to be discriminated against. War after the war was a fairly appropriate description of the presumptive effects of the Paris policy. In this commercial war the neutrals, at that time representing an enormous factor in world trade, would have presented a grave problem. The Entente Allies and the Central Powers would each have attempted to bring pressure to bear upon the policy of the neutrals. Today the neutral trade is not a serious problem. Sea borne traffic is almost wholly in the control of the nations at war with Germany. Accordingly, the economic pressure that can be applied to Germany is vastly more formidable. But it is no longer proposed to employ this pressure in a punitive spirit. Germany will be admitted to the privileges of the league when she is ready to subscribe to an honestly democratic peace.

It goes without saying that the formation of an Allied economic league provides the statesmen of the Allies with a powerful weapon of negotiation. The seas and all the traffic thereon is an Allied conquest as absolute as the Polish and Serbian and Belgian conquests of Germany. Whatever may happen on any of the military fronts, no German ship will sail except by Allied permission. No raw materials from the more accessible of the world's sources will find their way to German factories except by grace of the Allies. It is conceivable that when the peace conference is convened the war map will still favor the Germans. But the trade map will lean heavily to the Allied side. The Germans will treat as pawns territories that the Allies are seeking to liberate from them. The Allies will hold as a pawn access to the markets of the world. This fact is of the utmost importance. For if Germany emerged from the war territorially enlarged but excluded from world trade, she would inevitably lag far behind the rest of the nations in the work of reconstituting her prosperity.

This may, indeed, be questioned. Will not Germany have access to the great Russian markets, in spite of any agreement the Allies may make among themselves? And will she not be able, through Russia, to draw upon the Asiatic trade? In a measure, yes. But Russian trade, we must remember, is more roseate in prospect than in the actuality. Russia has vast natural resources, especially agricultural, and a vast population. These are the preconditions of a thriving trade. Russia is, however, disorganized and inefficient. She will produce, at best, only a surplus of food products, and these can be of great value to German economic life only if they can be shipped to the markets of the Allies. Russia will afford a sound basis for German prosperity only if the Germans may occupy the position of middlemen drawing raw materials from overseas to work up for the Russian market, and paying for them with Russian supplies shipped to maritime markets. This the Germans themselves recognize. In the huge volume of current economic discussion in Germany, prospectuses of Russian gains play a relatively small part. What the German economic statesmen are now revolving are plans for forcing the Allies to grant them their old place in the traffic of the world.

They will not recover this place by the sword, but by evidence of a disposition to live at peace with the world and to participate in the formation of a new international order. But if they offer such evidence, will not the project of an economic league lapse? Can we not go back to the era of economic nationalism, at the same time that we restore our armies to a peace footing?

However useful the economic league may prove as an instrument of negotiation, this is not its primary purpose. It is vitally necessary to the world as an instrument of reconstruction. After the war all the nations will be in lack of the materials of production. All the nations will face a food crisis. International credit will be in a chaotic condition. And while all the nations will be in want, the pressure of economic necessity will rest most heavily upon those nations that have suffered most in the war and have given most freely to the common cause.

Shall we, then, look forward to a period of unrestrained competition between ourselves and our Allies, each striving to engross the maximum share of the necessities of life? No more effective means could be devised for turning the spirit of cooperation evolved in the common enterprise of war into a spirit of suspicion and animosity. If we hope for a better international order we must look forward to a pooling of our economic and

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financial resources. We must prepare to ration ourselves along with the other nations partners in the league.

Britain and France have suffered much more from the war than we have. They have sunk a far larger proportion of their resources than we can sink. Their ability to pay for food and materials and ships will be correspondingly more restricted than ours. But ability to pay must not determine the share they are to receive. Supplies of food and raw materials must be proportioned to need, and if national credit is wanting to pay for their rightful shares, then international credit must be extended to them. If this should mean the restriction of supplies and credit that America can use for herself, America will none the less recognize its inherent justice. It will not, at best, go very far toward making up to our Allies the costs of war they have borne in excess of our costs.

But, in fact, the consolidation of the interests of the nations through an economic league is not a device for lending aid to the weak at the expense of the strong. It is a means of winning for all the benefits of international cooperation. It is in the interest of America that British and French and Italian industry should be rehabilitated as promptly as possible. It is even in our interest that German industry should be rehabilitated, provided that Germany has accepted an international order that precludes aggression and war. Every economic league in history has exhibited the advantage to each partner of the prosperity of the other partners. With the nations of the world associated in an economic league, the sentiment of mutual helpfulness will be bound to thrive. And this sentiment will prove the most substantial basis for a league of peace.

John Purroy Mitchel

THE circumstances surrounding John Purroy Mitchel's death were characteristic of a fateful undercurrent that followed him through life. The public knew him as a fearless executive of scrupulous integrity, a brilliant administrator, but especially as a man of precocious achievement. Until his defeat in the last municipal campaign, his career had been a succession of public triumphs. As special assistant to the Corporation Counsel, he had begun a new era in New York's municipal government by his successful attack upon administrative incompetence in the person of the Borough President of Manhattan, who was removed from office by Governor Hughes. He rose swiftly from the position of public prosecutor to constructive leadership, first as President of the Board of Aldermen and then as Mayor. In the eyes of many of the foremost men of the country, men whose judgment he especially prized, his very defeat last autumn was a triumph. By the measure of outward success, his had been a conspicuously prosperous and happy, as well as a distinguished career.

But those who knew him well knew also that he never held public office by his own free initiative. Few men had his distaste for the political limelight, his sensitive aversion to all forms of personal publicity. Every office he held, he held in response to the importunities of friends who challenged his proud sense of duty. This may account for his unswerving dash in following the straight and narrow path of executive integrity once he had accepted responsibility, as it may also account for his deliberate failure to capitalize his achievements into personal popularity. He was willing to serve unfalteringly and with all that was in him when he was pressed into service; but he was austerely unwilling to blow his own trumpet, to advertise his own claims to public preferment. His allegiance was to duty, not to personal ambition.

For this reason he never sought office in the manner customary with men who enter political life; the office always sought him. Temperamentally he would have preferred a less conspicuous career. What career, he himself had never quite clearly determined,—had never had leisure to determine. He had hardly left college when he was pressed into public service and thereafter the public demands upon him were unremitting. It was not until war threatened that his whole ardent nature responded to a call in which desire and duty united. Plattsburg was his first digression from the exactions of public office. The German menace to his country fully aroused his latent chivalrous instincts. His final acceptance of the mayoralty nomination last summer was for him a superlative sacrifice of desire to duty. What he most wanted was to enlist in the army and rise to leadership in the military service. That he should have been denied this common privilege after he had willed the sacrifice and received his release, that death should have overtaken him before he had worked his way through to the fighting front, was the culmination of the fateful undercurrent that shadowed his life.

Some of his friends, some of the men who were nearest to him and shared his most intimate counsels, will question the validity of this interpretation. It is possible that he himself would have questioned it. He was not given to introspection. He made quick and clean-cut decisions and stood by them resolutely. Some of the men who

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were his aides in government used to speak of him as the flashing sword for which they were the scabbard; they planned, but it was he who after taking counsel put their common plans through. But the quality of his decisions was that of noblesse oblige rather than that of the democratic leader primarily concerned with estimating the vague will of the masses and moulding his judgments to his estimate of the popular will. He did things not because he believed them popular even in the best sense of that word, but because he personally believed them right. And having made his decision, he was rarely willing to interpret his subsequent action to the groping mind of the people. He insisted that integrity in judgment and conduct must stand as its own and final justification.

It was this temperamental unwillingness to plead his case with the people, to accompany his executive acts with a running comment of popular interpretation, that gradually alienated the perplexed masses from him and involved many of his most valuable civic experiments in a cloud of popular misapprehension. His abstract sense of the right was instinctive. It is reasonably certain that the essential rightness of his plans for the reform of the schools and for the modernization of the Departments of Public Charities and Police will ultimately be recognized. But his reluctance to take the masses into his intimate counsels, to dramatize his executive decisions in his own person, made it possible for unscrupulous persons to betray the people into believing that his plans were inspired by a sterile desire to save money, to protect the rich tax-payer at the expense of popular institutions.

But his very disregard of popular approval as against the approval of his austere sense of duty, his indifference to the ordinary temptations to political preferment, made him a superlative instrument for the execution of organic administrative reforms without which American municipal government would have remained the prey of shameful incompetence and corruption. His high sense of noblesse oblige led him as a public official to the conviction that the mechanism of government must be the best that science could invent and that it must be made to run clean and with sole and scrupulous regard to the public objects for which it had been devised. It was this love of the clean instrument that led him to gather about himself proved experts in every branch of municipal administration without regard to the political consequences of their appointment, to take counsel with them, to test their plans by his sharp sense of dispassionate integrity and to guide them to related decisions. Sometimes when plans were proposed that he knew would run counter to prevailing popular sentiment, he would ask whether the same result could not be reached by some less novel way, whether the method proposed was beyond question the one best method. If his lieutenants convinced him that what they proposed was right, he unfalteringly ordered them ahead. Thereafter their recognized achievements were theirs; for their blunders and shortcomings, he invariably assumed full responsibility. He stood without apology upon the essential rightness of the program and the scrupulous integrity of its execution. He made himself a strong bulwark between his departmental heads and outside attack. It was due to this chivalrous relationship that, together, he and his associates were able to give New York an administration preeminently distinguished for clean and competent workmanship.

That, in the days to come, will certainly be recognized as Mayor Mitchel's lasting contribution to the conception of democratic government. It has been the weakness of our democracy that it has held clean workmanship in contempt, especially in public service. Laziness has sometimes appeared to rise to the glory of a democratic ideal; slipshod and dishonest workmanship to the fantastic dignity of a democratic privilege. The great man has too often been the man who by hook or crook got enough money salted away to live in idleness ever after. The attempt is constantly made among us to make efficiency synonymous with autocracy. We have refused to see that the difference between autocracy and democracy is not necessarily in the instrument, but in the control of the instrument, that if democracy fails to forge and use instruments at least equally well adapted to the ends of public service as the instruments devised and used by autocracy, it will jeopardize its own existence. This Mayor Mitchel understood. Some of his critics have said that he sought to make efficiency a substitute for democracy. It was not so that he reasoned. He was not a social philosopher. It was his sure instinct for the right thing that made him perceive that no form of government could endure if it permitted the instruments of government to grow rusty and rotten with incompetence and corruption. His ardent sense of duty, of noblesse oblige, made him concentrate his mind and energies upon the forging of an instrument through which his community could function effectively. His outstanding achievment was that he charged public service with the inspiration of his fine ideal of clean, disinterested and competent workmanship as the first obligation of the public servant. The record of his life is an enduring monument to the greatest lesson democracy has to learn if it is to make its dominion in the world secure.

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A Civil War Analogy

IN discussing problems of military and political strategy raised by the present war, Americans naturally seek to understand and elucidate them by the use of Civil War analogies. Mr. Roosevelt and others have insisted particularly on one comparison. Our Civil War was perhaps the clearest and best example in history of the accomplishment of a desirable political result by means of a decisive military victory. The North succeeded at a terrible cost in crushing the armed resistance of the seceding states. If it had not understood the need and paid the price of a complete military victory, it would have failed to achieve its political programme of emancipation and reunion. The ability of the Allies to accomplish their political purposes depends upon an equally emphatic and incontestable triumph of their armies.

The analogy is true and useful, but it requires to be supplemented, because its meaning is sometimes misinterpreted. During the Civil War military victory was indispensable to the success of the Northern cause, but it was not, as so many people are now claiming, the exclusive war aim of the North. In an article published elsewhere in this issue Miss Rose Strunsky supplements the analogy by explaining what the war aims of the North really were and how military victory was helped rather than hindered by an independent political strategy. It was, she points out, President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, issued during the fall of 1862 after the battle of Antietam, which gave moral integrity to the cause of the North and justified the subsequent insistence upon fighting inflexibly until the achievement of victory. The Emancipation Proclamation was an essay in what we now call democratic diplomacy. It was a political instrument which Lincoln forged, in spite of the misgivings of his Cabinet and the opposition of conservative opinion in the North, and which, as it turned out, proved to be a very real aid to military victory. It was an aid to military victory not because it provoked a Negro insurrection or because it disarmed the resistance of the South, but because it brought a moral reenforcement to the cause of the North. It provided the one impregnable basis both for an uncompromising waging of the war and for subsequent reconstruction.

Miss Strunsky would like to see another emancipation proclamation issued in the present emergency. The Russian formula of no annexations and no indemnities and the self-determination of nationalities offers in her opinion a suggestive analogy to abolitionism. An unambiguous and final declaration in favor of this formula as a war aim might incur a risk and arouse an opposition similar to that of the Emancipation Proclamation, but it would have an analogous result in aiding and vindicating a decisive military triumph. Miss Strunsky's suggestion is stimulating and useful, but it would be dangerous to accept it without certain qualifications. When Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation he was not substituting abolitionism for the preservation of the Union as the dominant war aim of the North. He was identifying abolitionism with unionism and so relieving American nationalism from the taint of present and future association with a fatally undemocratic institution. The leading abolitionists had been separatists. Garrison preferred to let the erring sisters depart in peace rather than fight to preserve the Union. If public opinion in the North had followed his leadership, Garrison would have defeated his own dearest purposes. The consequence of allowing the South peaceably to secede would have been to perpetuate slavery and to undo American democracy. Its salvation depended no less upon unionism than upon abolitionism. Fortunately American public opinion rejected Garrison and followed Lincoln, who understood, as the abolitionists did not, the relation between unionism and democracy. He fought in the beginning for the Union alone, because the Union was attacked, but he had the saving wisdom to divine that the Union could not be perpetuated and promoted without carrying through a counter attack against slavery. He renewed the early association, temporarily compromised by the admission of Negro bondage into the Constitution, between the American nationalism and human liberty.

Ever since America entered the war President Wilson's statesmanship has resembled that of Lincoln. He could not fight Germany until she attacked the United States, but when she attacked the United States he was not willing merely to return blow for blow and isolate military victory as a war aim. His original address to Congress, asking for a declaration of war, emphatically and clearly associated the declaration with the safeguarding of democracy. He issued his Emancipation Proclamation on April 2, 1917, and its meaning on its negative side was similar to that of the Russian peace formula. Our war was not to be one of conquest or revenge. It dedicated the United States to a Monroe Doctrine of the world, which would guarantee freedom of development to self-governing peoples. Like Lincoln also he has united a wholly uncompromising attitude on the essential issue of the war with a spirit of ultimate conciliation. Just as Lincoln planned with malice toward none and charity towards all to re-

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unite the American nation as a result of the forcible eradication of an undemocratic institution, so Wilson is planning a reunited world as a result of forcibly eradicating international aggression.

But Mr. Wilson's problem is more complicated and difficult than that of Lincoln. The South was a group of seceding states, which could not exist as a political entity except as a consequence of war and victory. If beaten these states would have nowhere to go except back into the Union, the structure of which had already been built and could assuredly be restored. Once the war aims of the North associated the American Union with the abolition of slavery, as they did after the Emancipation Proclamation, a nation reunited on a platform of freedom became a certain, if not an automatic, result of Northern military victory. The situation of Germany is wholly different from that of the seceding states. She existed as an independent nation before the war and cannot be prevented from continuing an independent existence after the war except as a result of permanent subjugation. Military defeat will diminish her prestige, force her to abandon her immediate conquests, undermine, we hope, the confidence of the German people in their present rulers and emancipate the Slavic peoples from an alien domination, but it will not of itself do away with the annexationist spirit either in Germany or elsewhere. Neither will it supply security and the spirit of international cooperation to the new nations of Central Europe. Instead of having, as Lincoln did, already laid out for his healing purpose the structure of a union which would absorb defeated secessionist states and give legal security to the new birth of freedom, President Wilson is confronted with the much more dubious and difficult work of creating an international union which will counteract future annexationism and both qualify and guarantee the future self-determination of peoples.

A new Emancipation Proclamation intended to free the oppressed nationalities of Central Europe is an indispensable part of President Wilson's task, but it is only a part. He has every reason to declare even more explicitly than he has yet done for the freedom of the Czechs, the South Slavs and the Ukrainians. He has every reason to insist that the Allies apply the Golden Rule to Russia just as they desire the Germans and the Hungarians to apply it to the minor Slavic nationalities. Yet emancipation is not enough. The American Negroes could not be emancipated except within the Union. The Slavic nationalities cannot be emancipated except within a League of Nations. Slavic national self-determination is not of itself an answer to Teutonic annexationism any more than abolitionist separatism was an answer to aggressive Southern slave-holding secessionism. National self-determination, taken by itself, is either a revolutionary or an aggressive principle. Unless it is supplemented by an organized society of nations which will define the responsibilities and guarantee the opportunities of nations young and old, neither proclamations nor military victories will ever enable the smaller and the larger nations each to live their own lives without unnecessary interference.

The civilized world needs in truth a more thoroughgoing emancipation than that which Miss Strunsky has in mind—one which cannot be achieved as the result even of a proclamation by President Wilson. It needs emancipation from conceptions of political sovereignty, which furnishes a moral excuse for annexationism, conquest, oppressed nationalities, the excessive self-determination of peoples, and all the other expressions or results of sadistic nationalism. It needs emancipation from a dogmatic political theology which justifies all true believers in confusing obedience with loyalty, in associating national self-determination with national egotism, and in attempting to fasten the taint of anarchy on radical social dissent. The dogmatic political theology is the expression in public affairs of an intellectual and moral arrogance in which we are all too often betrayed and for which there is no final cure but a spiritual humility and regeneration. This was the regeneration through which Abraham Lincoln passed, and of which was born his political wisdom no less than his personal magnanimity. It is in the example of his life and spirit which, like that of Christ, is celebrated and ignored by the world that he published his perennial Emancipation Proclamation.

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The Temper of the A. E. F.

HE gave me such an engaging grin from his bed at the Paris hospital that I had to stop and ask his age.

"My chart says 18—but, if you won't tell . . . ."

"Only 17, and wounded in the line!"

"You see it was this way: I volunteered as a bugler. But I sort of got on the right side of the sergeant and he let me into the fight."

"Are you sorry now?"

"*Sorry!* This ain't no *musician's* job."

Six months ago I passed this boy's regiment in a lean, brown pastoral country that might have been New England. It was my first sight of American troops and I had just come from Verdun; from the still beleaguered citadel, from a land sternly organized and scarred by war and swarming with seasoned French troops. Then all at once here was the A. E. F. The first squad was drawn up for drill in a poor little peaceful, brown-tiled village, service hats that made them somehow look like Pilgrim Fathers set squarely above red cheeks. Next, with unaccustomed helmets sliding at a rakish, almost a girlish angle, came a machine-gun company convoying one lone machine-gun along a wood road. In the willowy valleys, and on the piney hillsides sparse groups of infantry. My instinctive leap of the heart was quickly followed by a rather sad query as to whether anything so innocent and unequipped as this transatlantic force of ours could ever become an army trained to the 1918 arena.

That question has been definitely answered since the end of April. From the relatively quiet sectors where they were getting their preliminary experience—and which they occupied somewhat as substitutes occupy the side-lines at a football game—American men have taken their place among the protagonists in the heart of the most terrible battle in history. They know now what war at its worst can be, and we have every right and every reason to be proud of them. Here is a conversation overheard six weeks ago in a field hospital some miles back of Montdidier. In the long dim tent a stove was crackling against the reverberation of the guns, and from the grey blankets of adjacent mattresses came two voices raucous with gas:

"I didn't think the war would be like this . . . ."

"Neither did I. No, I didn't think it would be like this."

"No flag . . . . nor nothing, to show you're American. I tell you if we could only just put up our flag out there—there isn't anything we couldn't do—we could go anywhere!"

"Not to make no charges,—no open warfare. Just to sit in that trench and wait for the shells to drop in on you."

A silence. Suddenly, from the last speaker:

"Well, the French have stood it for four years, I guess we can."

That is always the answer. Our army, eager though it is to charge into battle behind the stars and stripes, has developed an unlimited respect and admiration for the seasoned initiation and the sturdy patience of these tough little French soldiers—so hoary under their mediaeval casques, so faded as to uniform, so bristling with impedimenta—who have long since ceased to believe in symbols of glory. And the Frenchmen in return, after looking somewhat sceptically on our well-set-up, well-dressed, well-paid young giants have taken the measure of greenness whose other face is "punch," adaptability, resourcefulness, determination, daredevil courage. Since mid-winter our stock has been steadily rising. Here is the supreme word of praise from a poilu, as reported by a French official who had accompanied an American mission to the front in early May:

"What do *you* think of the Americans?"

"Ils ne cédent pas"—they hold their ground.

The distinguished guests, unaware of the finality of the statement, looked disappointed, so he added succinctly:

"Ça chauffe!"

Since he spoke it has grown hotter and hotter, and the American army in Picardy, at Château-Thierry, has given a solid demonstration not only of its holding, but of its attacking power. The demonstration—as one must remember in relating it to the general situation—is so far one of calibre chiefly. Measured in kilometres the amount of the front that we hold, though it is steadily growing, is far less than our glow of pride suggests. Nevertheless, if our Allies succeed in stemming or breaking Germany's present desperate effort for a final military decision until our troops can arrive in sufficient numbers to turn the tide, it will be largely because the A. E. F. has already proved the fighting quality and the fighting will of America.

I count myself very lucky to have had an opportunity to watch the army grow through a long, cold, grey, muddy winter; to see it meet and dominate the formidable difficulties of this first preparatory period. It is scarcely too much to say that every man, from General Pershing to the

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least private, has had to do things he never expected, or wished, or knew how to do before—things often that *could not be done,* and that yet had to be and were accomplished. How ships were landed without docks, and warehouses built without wood, and stores transported without cars, and men trained without equipment, is a story that must be reserved for a future article. From the standpoint of suffering, our first year of war has been easy compared to what 1914 was to the French and British. But our problems of organization, transportation, training, adjustment, have been fabulous and America cannot be too grateful to the A. E. F. for the pioneer virtues it has shown. For one disgruntled kicker there have been thousands of men who have made the best of however bad a bargain. That is why a journey from the Base ports to the Lorraine front was a most exhilarating adventure.

Colored stevedores singing at their unloading in a crowded harbor, or digging railroad track (sometimes in Civil War uniforms) in sandy Central France; boys from Pennsylvania shunting freight cars—"Say, you have to talk to this engine in French, or she won't go!"; Eastside Jews and Italians building depots faster than trained carpenters; foresters from the Pacific cutting and sawing for the Italians; southern engineers building bridges; cowboys from Colorado tying their mules in a turreted French village; boys from Massachusetts driving ammunition trucks "North-West of Toul"; men from Minnesota sitting up in hospital cots to describe in German-American the Boche they had done for—diverse as the elements were, various as the tongues they spoke, different as their superficial labels—U. S., U. S. R., U. S. N. A.—the Americanism of every man of them stuck out all over him and stabbed the fellow American with a violent sense of identification, at the same time injecting a very special brand of hope.

Is this hope vain? Confidence, it has been said, is a pathological condition of all armies at the beginning of all wars. As Americans feel to-day, French, British, Belgians, Germans, Austrians felt in 1914. Not precisely, I believe. No doubt the happy confidence of the A. E. F. in these tragic hours is drawn partly from an inner reservoir, partly too from relief that its efforts and sacrifices are "showing results" at last, in the place for which all hearts yearn—the front. It is not, so far as the ranks go, based on reasoned calculation. Yet I am mystic enough to think that American optimism is not illusory.

In the first place, youth has a positive value in the fourth year of a war like this. We are now the only "young" nation left in the world, the only nation—not excepting Germany—not weighed down with sorrow and weariness. The hardy breath that sweeps from our wide, free, fertile plains to these bloody fields of France must depress our enemy, just as surely as it fills our Allies with vigor, with moral oxygen. We bring a contagious sense of inexhaustible resources and inexhaustible vitality. Last night, as I crossed the rue Royale, about half-past eight, I saw masses of khaki by the Madeleine. There on the Boulevard was a line of American motor trucks extending as far as the eye could reach—troops off to the front!—loaded with guns, soldiers and supplies. The "boys"—a splendid-looking lot, their jolly faces black with dust, roses stuck nonchalantly in their hats and in their rifles—were holding the whole French civilian population in thrall with their laughter and spontaneity. They looked, and obviously felt, invincible. Frenchmen were offering drinks, and pretty little midinettes roses and kisses indiscriminately,—the Boulevard, generally now so blank, was one long smile.

But our confidence is more than exuberance; it is, for military ends, exuberance transformed into constructive attacking force. If the war is to end with a military victory for the Allies it is the A. E. F. that will take a large part in the offensive—so the A. E. F. reasons at least. From every hospital cot and sunny bench throughout France, where the most cheerful wounded in the world are being largely reminiscent, one can gather for oneself (even when a large deduction is made for natural bravado on the part of the narrator, and for natural sentiment on the part of the listener) that our army "waded into it" at Château-Thierry in a really legendary manner. "The Heinies" were nothing to them—gas, machine-guns, barrage were negligible. So the French, while comparing these men to their own "Blue Devils," the Chasseurs Alpins in 1914, utter a word of warning: "War is not a sport."

The A. E. F. at the end of its first year in France has got down to bedrock. A Y. M. C. A. secretary of the old school recently asked a group of 500 men who had seen service at the front to name the "four worst sins." Here is the average composite answer:

1. Cowardice.
2. Selfishness.
3. Stinginess.
4. Bigheadedness.

"What of wine and women?" he asked, to be greeted with laughter. That was a personal matter. The "sins" that mattered were those which injured that collectivity called the army, fighting for its own existence, for the U. S. A. and the

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democratic future of the world against a strong and dangerous foe.

It is fair to add that the Y. M. C. A. secretary told the story himself, with the comment that the men were right.

The American women in France, they everywhere meet from the A. E. F. a blend of chivalry and frank and simple friendliness that warms the cockles of their hearts. An American schoolteacher, elderly and portly, a worker in a Red Cross canteen that had to be evacuated just now on the Marne, writes as follows of what happened to her during a terrible air raid:

"I stationed myself at the canteen door, calling out to the French soldiers where their shelter was, but long before the place was empty the machine-gun bullets were sweeping the streets outside and the shrapnel was raining down. The American boys—complete strangers to me—came up in the darkness, and one said in the quietest tone of authority: 'Get between us, lady!' They tucked me up against the side of the canteen and stood one on each side of me. I had no trench helmet, so one of them took off his sheepskin driving coat and folded it up and put it over his head and mine."

There are difficult months ahead of us. The American Army in the last weeks has come to know many of the sufferings of 1914, and is enduring them with exactly the same fortitude for which American doctors and nurses reverenced their patients in the French and British hospitals earlier in the war. "If our boys can do half as well!" they used to say. They are, so far as we can tell, doing not half, but altogether as well. Whatever the future brings forth, it is up to the American people not to weaken this fortitude, not to sentimentalize these gallant deaths.

"You are right, Mother," wrote a mechanic in an aviation centre, "flying is a dangerous sport. But I wish I hadn't promised you not to fly. I had my first ride in a plane to-day. We all have to die some day, so why worry? What does it matter how and when if we die for Liberty and do it honorable?"

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT.

Paris, June 16th.

Because I Am a Magyar

THE great political fact of the last few months is what a writer in a recent number of the New Europe calls "the end of the illusion." This is the illusion that a rapprochement could and should be effected between the Allies and Austria-Hungary so as to induce the latter to exert pressure on Germany in the interest of a negotiated peace. Whether a reconciliation between the Allies and the Dual Empire was possible or not a year ago, it is clear that the developments of the last few months have destroyed the last shadow of such a possibility. The Allies can scarcely refuse the only alternative left open to them. It is no longer a question of initiative. The issue has been stated by the pro-Prussian camarilla at Vienna and Budapest as clearly as can be. The choice is merely between advantages insured by the quick acceptance of a challenge on the one hand and drifting and temporizing on the other. The only sane course open to the Allies is to announce a detailed uncompromising programme for the breaking up of the Hapsburg empire and the establishment of the independent Czecho-Slovak, Jugoslav and Hungarian states in its stead.

To those readers of the New Republic who recall that in an article published in these columns last September I advocated an apparently diametrically opposed policy, namely, that of a separate peace and full reconciliation between the Allies and Austria-Hungary, and of leaving the solution of the nationality problem within the latter to internal democratization culminating in federalism on the Swiss model, I may answer that my present attitude, far from springing from sheer inconsistency or being a recantation based on the admission of an error, is the logical, nay, inevitable outcome of my previous stand.

Although my article at the time was attacked by certain critics as a subtly disguised piece of Hungarian chauvinistic propaganda, I hope I succeeded in convincing impartial readers that I urged the rapprochement of the Allies and Austria-Hungary on the basis of guaranteeing the territorial integrity of the latter not as an end in itself, but as a course likely to shorten the war materially and to establish the conditions essential to the stability of a just peace by the democratic readjustment of the polyglot empire of the Hapsburgs. In this my views at the time concurred with those held by many English and American liberals.

Incidentally, such a solution would have been advantageous both for the house of Hapsburg, to which it afforded the only chance to shake off Hohenzollern suzerainty, and for the Magyar nation, whose statesmen professed the territorial integrity of the lands of the Holy Hungarian Crown to be their only aim in the world war.

Whatever the practicability of this plan was a

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year ago, it is perfectly clear that today it is neither feasible nor desirable. A series of important events have since transpired which link the future of the dualistic Austria-Hungary of the Hapsburgs inseparably to that of Hohenzollern-dominated Germany.

The triumphs of Germany in the east revived adventurous Austrian imperialism with Ukraine as the land of promise. The infamous peace forced upon Rumania, with the " strategic rectifications " of the Hungarian frontier, provided a sop for the chauvinistic elements in Hungary, which already seemed to be growing weary of the struggle. The Clemenceau disclosures precipitated the issue between the moderate, trialistic, anti-Prussian and Pan-German parties in Austria proper, and the Emperor-King's puerile repudiation of his own act showed how complete was the defeat of the former. In Hungary Wekerle betrayed the hopes of liberals for the second time. His temporizing and insincerity brought the candor of the out-and-out Junker Tisza into favorable relief. The return to power of such men as Szterenyi, the political exponent of the gang of financiers that is selling out Hungary to the Prussian fanatics of Mitteleuropa, and the incarnation of the worst tendencies of Hungarian exploitation and corruption—slightly disguised with the war paint of Magyar chauvinism—showed how complete was the triumph of reaction. The inevitable climax came in the signing of the twenty-five-year treaty of alliance between the Dual Monarchy and Germany, a document legalizing the status of Austria-Hungary as a mere military province of Prussia and a reservoir of man power for the Prussian army. Although the text of the treaty of alliance, as published in the American press, cannot be accepted as authentic, there is reason to suppose that the agreement runs along lines not dissimilar.

It is safe to assume that the plan of a separate agreement between the Allies and the Hapsburg empire has been, in face of these events, abandoned by even those circles in Allied capitals which were more or less justifiably accused of outright Austrophilism by their opponents. But to drop the idea is merely to bow before the inevitable. If the Allies, as might be expected, wish to counteract as effectively as possible the unquestionable success the Kaiser has scored by browbeating Charles into submission, they must adopt and announce a constructive policy in regard to Austria-Hungary. This should be all the easier now that the Allies have no choice left. The time has come when the Entente governments can best promote the ideas they and their peoples stand for by an express declaration in favor of independent Czecho-Slovak, Jugoslav and Hungarian states.

Allied statesmen have time and again expressed themselves in favor of the claims to independence of Austria-Hungary's oppressed nationalities. The most radical and intelligent action along this line has been taken by the Italian government in concluding the agreement with the representatives of the Jugoslav peoples in April. The proceedings at Rome that culminated in the signing of a solemn understanding between the Italian government and the Jugoslav envoys could be used as a model for London, Paris and Washington.

A comprehensive programme, defining the principles of the establishment of the several national states, and regulating such vital problems as the access to the sea of landlocked territories, elimination of racial minorities by colonization, the guarantees of the rights of minorities where colonization is impracticable, and the relations of units economically interdependent, should be drawn up by a conference in which the delegates of the nations concerned should sit together with the representatives of the governments and the parliaments of the Allied countries, and, as far as possible, the representatives of American, British, French and Italian labor.

The immediate advantages to be gained by such a declaration would be tremendous. It is unnecessary to dwell on the effect it would exercise on the revolutionary sentiment of Bohemians and Jugoslavs within the Dual Monarchy, among whom the renewed persecution contingent upon the victory of the Pan-Germans has only strengthened the resolve never to make peace with their despots and executioners.

Also, the declaration would undoubtedly give impetus to the anti-war, and—in effect, if not in purpose—pro-Ally propaganda conducted by Austrian and Hungarian socialists. On the one hand, it would probably result in the defection of some of the older leaders, especially in the Austro-German group, whose presence in the socialist camp was, anyway, more of a liability than an asset and a check on the more radical elements. On the other hand, the rapidly increasing numbers of Bolshevik sympathizers in Austria-Hungary would hail with enthusiasm a declaration in favor of the dissolution of the purely dynastic Austro-Hungarian formation which would amount to recognition and practical application of the Bolshevik principle of self-determination of peoples.

The response which the declaration may be expected to arouse within the Hungarian people needs careful examination. It may be assumed that the pro-Prussian party, now back in the saddle, would use the Allies' pronunciamento as a means to stiffen the fighting spirit of the nation. It may also be surmised that they do not fail to exploit

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for their jingoistic propaganda the lack of determination on the part of the Allies to commit themselves on the question of the oppressed nationalities. On the other hand, anti-war propagandists may point out the disastrous consequences of the government's pro-Prussian stand and argue that catastrophe is sure to result from going on to the bitter end with Germany.

It goes without saying that the declaration must explicitly guarantee the independence and rights of the Magyar people proper, and define the boundaries within which the right of the Magyars to live their own national life and to cultivate their independent statehood is unassailable. To omit this would be a grave strategic error as well as an infringement upon justice and the integrity of the principle underlying the declaration.

It is in this connection that the importance of the principle of mutual colonization needs to be emphasized. Without going into details of geography and statistics, it may be pointed out that the future relations of the Magyar state on the one hand and the independent Slav countries on the other can be safeguarded most effectually by transferring the Slav and Magyar racial islands back into the territory of their origin.

Especially important is the settlement of the problem in its Jugoslav aspect. For the time being it will suffice to indicate briefly that the solution of the extremely difficult Banat tangle probably lies in removing to the territory between the Danube and the Save the Serbs now in the counties of Torontal, Temes and Bacs-Bodrog, and replacing them with Magyar colonists. This suggestion will probably meet with the opposition of the Jugoslavs, particularly as the Banat is one of the richest agricultural districts in Europe and would be a distinct financial loss to Serb farmers. This, however, is a question of finance and technique and admits of solution if the underlying principle is recognized. It cannot be denied that for the Magyars the cession of territory on their side of the Danube would be suicidal and a source of perpetual friction between both races.

The task involved in such a scheme of wholesale colonization, embracing as it does hundreds of thousands of families, is certainly enormous. But it is a commonplace to say that the war has taught European governments and peoples to perform with comparative ease feats that before August, 1914, would have been classed with the wildest of dreams. But it is evident that the success of such a scheme of colonization would be one of the most effectual safeguards of the stability of European peace.

I am aware that so far I have failed to mention the problem of the Rumanians of Transylvania. The omission was intentional, because for many reasons this question, the elucidation of which would exceed the limits of this article, does not allow of a solution uniform in its details with that of the Czecho-Slovak and Jugoslav problems. Let me state briefly that however different are the details of its application, I believe the governing principle cannot but be the same, namely, the principle of the self-determination of national groups.

To return to the proposed declaration. Great as its immediate advantages would doubtlessly be, its decisive merit would be the enduring value of the ideas embodied in it. It would stand out in history as the first concrete, comprehensive and aggressive application of the principle of self-determination of peoples by the united democracies of the world.

But it would be more than a mere attempt to translate abstract justice into the terms of international relationships. It would be an unequivocal, thoroughgoing and irrevocable pledge on the part of the Allied democracies to cut one of the most difficult tangles of European politics. This pledge would imply an advance guarantee of the hope, cherished by liberals all over the world, that the rights and aspirations of peoples will not be used as mere objects of barter at the final settlement, that the dickering of secret diplomacy will have no part in restoring the world from the ruin for which it is to so great an extent responsible. It would be a promise to settle once for ever a maze of problems, problems which, to be sure, cannot be solved without compromise and mutual concessions, but which certainly would be only aggravated by half-measures.

Finally, the declaration would formulate, for development by the peace congress, the basis of the future organization of southeastern Europe, an organization without which stable peace is unthinkable. This organization would take the form of what may be called voluntary federalism, achieved through satisfied nationalism. For federalism, as Mr. John Mavrogordato points out in his valuable article in the New Europe of May 2nd, is the keyword of the problem of southeastern Europe. Nationalism, he says, is not an end in itself. It is only a step, an unavoidable step, toward a higher stage—which is federalism. It is only after nationalism—which in a thwarted state is a disruptive force—has been satisfied, has obtained the conditions of its full development, that the spontaneous recognition of the preponderance of common interests sets in. This recognition is the cement of federalism, or the final substitution of law for force in interstate relationships.

The keenest students of the Austro-Hungarian problem discovered long ago that federalism was

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the only cure of the evils that beset the polyglot empire. The sacrifices of the war and the disillusionment of the coming peace are the price the Magyar nation will have to pay for the criminal stupidity of its leading statesmen whose chief activity for the last fifty years has been ridiculing and persecuting the idea of federalism, an activity that went by the name of "safeguarding the historic rights of the Magyar people."

For the unbiased observer, however, it is clear even now that the breaking up of the territorial unity of Hungary, involving as it does exploding the cherished fiction of historic rights, will in the end benefit the Magyars themselves no less than their Slav neighbors. I am aware that the majority of my countrymen will, at the present moment, brand my attitude as traitorous. But I believe that a higher patriotism recognizes that no advantage, no position of eminence can be enjoyed enduringly by any people by thwarting the desires and aspirations of other peoples. In the long run the progress and happiness of the Magyar nation is inseparable from the contentment and friendship of its Slav and Latin neighbors. The progress and happiness of Hungary, or of any other country, has nothing to do with the number of square miles comprised within its boundaries. There can be no happy and secure Hungary in the midst of an unhappy and insecure Europe, and Europe will continue to be unhappy and insecure as long as the menace of Slav irridentism darkens its southeastern horizon.

Even before the war many Hungarian radicals and Socialists believed, myself included, that the most effective, in fact the only effective barrier against the "Drang nach Osten" of Prussian imperialism was a democratic federation of the peoples now constituting Austria-Hungary. The Hapsburgs and the Austrian and Magyar Junkers, by opposing the autonomous development of the Slav nationalities, made the peaceful achievement of federalism impossible and thereby precipitated the world war. The treaty of peace will have to establish this federalism, not through autonomy, but through independence of the nations concerned. Without federalism and without Czecho-Slovak and Jugoslav independence the fate of the Magyar nation would be political, economic and cultural absorption by Prussia. Hungary would become a second Posen.

I believe in the full victory of the Allies and in Czecho-Slovak and Jugoslav independence, not in spite of being a Magyar, but because I am a Magyar. And I believe, to paraphrase the lines another heretic of my nation, Andreas Latzko, has written as a dedication to his "Men in War," that the time will come when all my countrymen will think as I do.

EUGENE S. BAGGER.

Needed: Another Emancipation Proclamation

THERE is a striking analogy between the military situation in the Civil War of the summer of 1862 and the present summer in this world war. The North at that time had a succession of military reverses which almost justified Gladstone in saying that the South had succeeded in creating a nation. Copperheadism was growing in the west, and there was great danger of Republican losses in the fall elections. The ardent enthusiasm with which the northern abolitionists had joined in the war was waning because of Lincoln's equivocal position on the slavery question. He wrote to Greeley, after the latter's "prayer of the twenty million" in which he asked for the immediate abolition of negro slavery, that he was fighting primarily and solely for the union and for nothing else.

Lincoln later came to see that such an answer in time of civil war was merely begging the question. All, in a sense, were fighting for the union, but was it to be a union with the institution of slavery as its cornerstone, or a union where all men, regardless of race or color, were equal under its laws? He realized that to rouse the war spirit, the union that was to be fought for was to be one of the people, by the people, and for the people. It was, at this time of crisis, that he issued his emancipation proclamation. It was frankly and simply a military measure, about the wisdom of which he himself was very doubtful, but which he intuitively felt was dice thrown in the right direction. No student of history has ever questioned the wisdom of that decision. It gave to the North a new cause. Despite the draft act and the suspension of the habeas corpus, the sense of "the plain people" in America and the world over, stood by the North because of this final, unequivocal, position on the slavery question.

Rationally it looked wrong. As Lincoln expressed it, emancipation for the Southern states which had already seceded from the Union and which were in armed rebellion against the North, was like "a Pope's bull against the comet." He was sending it where he had no physical power to put it into effect. Moreover, he said, to issue it at the time of military reverses was like "a shriek on the retreat." It was an admission of failure. A third reason against it was that he feared its possible effect in alienating the South and the border states. He wanted to give them easy terms for re-entering the Union, and he knew that with an emancipation proclamation the war would only be ended for one side or the other as a war of exhaustion. He was chary of "breaking so

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many eggs." He wanted the Union restored on a status quo ante.

And yet he had the courage finally to trust to the ultimate forces that would make for man's progress on this earth. He allied himself with the side which, in 1862, was much more antipathetic to the average Republican and Democrat than the words of socialism and the class struggle are today. It carried with it a race prejudice and a problem which had to be immediately solved, at home—in each one's family, as it were—not something far away in an alien country across many seas. He had the genius to go against prejudice for the sake of a greater cause.

Today the problem is very much the same, but the decision ought to be simpler, because it is somewhat more remote. The issue is world-wide. Are we to listen to the popular voices mentioned by the President in his message to congress, or are we to refuse them. Russia has made a revolution and the face of Europe is changed. The problem of the war today is no longer the problem of 1914. It is no longer a question of whether Russia should get Constantinople or Germany Bagdad. The real war is whether there should be any more wars of annexation and the conquest of peoples. Russia has laid down a new basis for the European policy. The old diplomacy has to go and the flag has to stay at home.

In this crisis of our war it is time that we endorse the new. The last year has proven that any lack of support of Russia is an aid and a comfort to the enemy. As a military measure Russia must be endorsed and supported. The rationalists fear to help Russia with goods, because she is weak. They cannot be sure but that Germany will receive the goods instead of Russia. So they allow Russia to become weaker still and give Germany as much of Russia as she will take. Then to counteract it, they talk of Allied intervention in Siberia. In other words, imitate Germany and employ force to coerce the Russia that remains.

We have come to a parting of the ways. We must either strike out in the name of the democratic will of the people, or join hands with those who believe that all is to be done in the name of the State—that there is no higher law. This is the moment for another proclamation—that the rights of each nation and of all people be inviolate.

The face of Europe cannot and will not remain as it is now. The old empires, composed of subject nationalities, like Russia and Austria-Hungary, have to go. The one is already broken up, the other is on the way. The new conglomeration of states may appear weak and tottering, but the initial step toward the new alignment must not be hindered, because, forsooth, to our immediate intelligences it looks like a strengthening of the enemy. The principle of freedom of the nationalities, of no indemnity and of no annexations, can in no wise aid the enemy, but any undemocratic move on the part of the Allies can do so, by causing a division in their own strength. The new proclamation must be an investment for the future, and the beginnings of that future are with us now. It must support Russia and treat as friends the subject nationalities separated from her, even if they are for the moment again under subjection to a foreign power. It can easily resemble Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation. "I hereby free all subjects now under the mailed fist of Germany or threatened by it." Once before such a Pope's bull had not proven ineffectual against the comet. With the same faith in the potency of the right, it cannot help but bring about a new reckoning of forces again.

ROSE STRUNSKY.

Hearts of the World

IT is a singular and significant fact that twenty years of progress in the movies—progress greater than any other art has shown in a like time—leave the main source of interest just where they found it: How is it all done? When the movies showed us trotting horses and locomotives in motion, we suffered the passion of Budge and Toddie to "see the wheels go round." It is a little disheartening to discover that this is still the only really important reaction when a gigantic and costly film like D. W. Griffith's Hearts of the World shows us two of three army divisions, a flock of mammoth cannon and large sections of the Western front given over to arousing our emotion about war-stricken families and the fate of nations, and to demonstrating most effectively the deep animal patriotism which lurks in the most pacific of us. Twenty years ago we wanted to know how they made the trotting horses move. Today we want to know how they make our emotions move. For the unmistakably meretricious effect of almost every story ever screened drives us back to discuss the problem of how the thrill is made.

Hearts of the World—for all its combination of Lloyd George, the ruined town of Ham, and a tremendous emotional sweep—*is* meretricious. The reason might be its obvious story of a Franco-American lover separated from his fiancée by outbreak of the war, and his fight to rescue her from the customary designs of a genuine newspaper Hun. It might be this common, stupid, leaky old tale, if it weren't for the fact that practically every

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story, however good it may have been in some other medium, seems to leave something of the same effect when really well done on the screen. Perhaps physical narration reduces life to its too crude essentials. Perhaps the tremendous bare emotion of the movies turns us aside. Is the screen the demonstrating laboratory of the new psychology, which poses us as striving to escape from emotion to reason, from importunate desire to sentimental fulfilment, from the physical life to the mental?

At any rate, Hearts of the World thrills and sickens beyond measure, and drives us back to a keen interest in how Mr. Griffith does the trick.

Until the director of The Birth of a Nation comes out of a year or two of retirement to show a new three-hour spectacle, we are always ready to set upon the peak of American film achievement some new director who has been employing those years in making rapid strides from one little sixty-minute film-hillock to another—men like George Loane Tucker and Marshall Neilan. Then Mr. Griffith—who has meantime been fortunate enough not to waste his efforts on polishing lollipops for Mabel Normand or Mary Pickford—displays himself once more as the great legendary figure of the films, the great inventor and innovator of their youth, yet also the great, consistent, progressing genius of today. As the inventor of "close-up" and "cut-back" and half a dozen other technical devices, he might be content to occupy somewhat the position of a Masolino, of one of the early Italians who worked out the problems of perspective. Yet each new production demonstrates that he is a Masaccio as well—an artist of full and splendid naturalistic power. For Mr. Griffith never allows himself to be led by his technical abilities into the neglect of the one essential of motion picture art—the creation of emotional conviction out of the closest naturalism.

Technical ability has unquestionably led others astray. Thomas H. Ince, for example, the organizing brains behind the scores of pictures of W. S. Hart, Charles Ray, Dorothy Dalton and Enid Bennet released each year, has set himself to the working out of a very close-bound, almost theatrical, form of production which is tremendously interesting and effective for a time, but which loses in the end because its final effect is mannered.

Now Mr. Griffith has never allowed his technical inventiveness to run away with him; surely never less than in Hearts of the World. He is still experimenting, with an eye to the future; but, if anything, the inventor has deserted his inventions. He uses the "cut-back" sparingly, and the "close-up" only two or three times, when dramatic action is at its very height. It is a restraint that counts. What a pity he doesn't extend that restraint to the bloody bayoneting of soldiers and to the blowing in half of old men before our eyes.

Mr. Griffith takes very distinct issue with Mr. Ince and a great part of the cinema world over the matter of sub-titles. In the first half-hour of his new film there is only one spoken sub-title, while there are yards and yards of long descriptive ones. Elimination of the word has long been the obvious ideal of the movies since the first. Mr. Ince has tried to reduce the sum total by using, as far as possible, only those words absolutely necessary —which are in general those used for dialogue. Mr. Griffith reduces the sub-titles which really should be reduced, those that interfere with the action, the spoken dialogue. To do this, he loads into long descriptions at the beginning of new scenes enough explanation to get round any lack of clearness in the subsequent action. There is a double result. First of all, the scenes flow more rapidly and smoothly; second, we use our imaginations more keenly. As the story races along, our minds eagerly keep pace, interpreting the expressions and actions of the players, and watching for the emotions which the description has implied. There is somewhat the same honest effectiveness in this policy of Mr. Griffith's as in Mr. Wells' habit of telling us of the tragic or significant dénouement before the preliminaries have been sketched.

Back of all this, in Mr. Griffith's new film, is a vital essential of the movies—naturalistic acting. More than any other director, he eliminates the appearance of plan, the striving for effect. He tries to make his actors live their parts, not act them, and, to a surprising extent, he succeeds. The Griffith camera is simply a visual eavesdropper, a peeping Tom. In the early and blessedly naïve days of the movies, the inexperience of the directors achieved something of this effect, because these men didn't know how to plan or what to plan for. They simply made the actors go through some incident, and tried to place the camera where it would get the most of it. Between the pictures of these men and those of Mr. Griffith, stalks the arrant theatricality of cinema actors facing imaginary footlights. Somewhere along the line of progress back to nature are the productions of the skilful Mr. Ince, full of planned out groupings always emphasizing the effectiveness of a scene—which is not infrequently the wrong way to achieve an effect.

It is such technical matters—possibilities, failures and achievements—that first and finally interest the practised movie-goer who submits himself to the nerve-racking business of sitting through Hearts of the World. Curiously enough, they

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seem more important than this tawdry story built upon a world's terror and deliverance, the sight of France rising to the Marseillaise, and the final staggering moment of the arrival of the American troops in Paris. And yet there is a strange and unescapable fact which does a lot to chasten our interest in Mr. Griffith's technique. Here we have an art of pure emotion which can go beneath thought, beneath belief, beneath ideals, down to the brute fact of emotional psychology, and make a man or a woman who has hated war, all war, even this war, feel the surge of group emotion, group loyalty and group hate. In the face of this power—momentary and passing though it may be—the emotions which this director wants to interpret assume considerable importance, and still more important become the emotions of his own temperament which dictate them. It is just a little disturbing to recollect that Mr. Griffith's films have demonstrated in their maker a vivid, an over-vivid, flair for violence, passion and horror, for child-like and animal devotion, for blood-hot courage and blood-hot desire, but none for the finer and larger qualities of faith and heroism which seem to deserve their place in the movies as well as in life.

One would hardly care to level at the works of Mr. Griffith the accusation Mr. Shaw launched at Shakespeare's: "search for statesmanship, or even citizenship, or any sense of the commonwealth, material or spiritual, and you will not find the making of a decent vestryman or curate in the whole horde. As to faith, hope, courage, conviction, or any of the true heroic qualities, you will find nothing but death made sensational, despair made stage-sublime, sex made romantic, and barrenness covered up by sentimentality and the mechanical lilt of blank verse." But Hearts of the World, like The Birth of a Nation and Intolerance, leaves you feeling as if, in spite of his genius, the man who has led you through these scenes of nerve-rack misses something or other rather vital in the Shavian catalogue of virtues.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

The Education of Joan and Peter

III

The Guardian Looks Over the Schools

OSWALD settled Peter at White Court, the preparatory school he had at last selected, and so having thus gained a breathing time, he devoted himself to a completer study of the perplexing chaos of upper-class education in England. What was it "up to?" He had his own clear conviction of what it ought to be up to, but the more he saw of existing conditions, the more hopelessly it seemed to be up to either entirely different things or else, in a spirit of intellectual sabotage, up to nothing at all. From the preparatory schools he went on to the great public schools and from the public schools he went to the universities. He had gone into the navy at thirteen, and so he brought to the quest all the unsympathetic detachment of an alien observer and all the angry passion of an anxious patriot. With some suggestions from Matthew Arnold.

"Indolence." "Insincerity." These two words became more and more frequent in his unspoken comments as he went from one great institution to another. Occasionally the headmasters he talked to had more than a suspicion of these unspoken comments. "Their imaginations are dead within them," said Oswald. "If only they could see the Empire and its possibilities! If only they could forget their little pride and dignity and affectations in the vision of mankind!"

His impressions of headmasters were for the most part taken against a background of white-flannelled boys in playing fields or grey-flannelled boys in walled courtyards. Eton gave him its river effects and a bright, unforgetable boatman in a coat of wonderful blue; Harrow displayed its view and insisted upon its hill. Physically he liked almost all the schools he saw, except Winchester, which he visited on a rainy day. Almost always there were fine architectural effects, now there was a nucleus of Gothic, now it was time-worn Tudor red brick, now well-proportioned grey Georgian. Most of these establishments had the dignity of age, but Caxton was wealthily new. Caxton was a nest of new buildings of honey-colored stone; it was growing energetically but tidily; it waved its hand to a busy wilderness of rocks and plants and said "our botanical garden," to a piece of field and said "our museum group." But it had science laboratories with big apparatus, and the machinery for a small engineering factory. All these great schools were visibly full of life and activity. At times Oswald was so impressed by this life and activity that he felt ashamed of his enquiries; it seemed ungracious not to suppose that all was going well here, that almost any of these schools was good enough and that almost any casual or sentimental considerations, Sydenham family traditions or the like, ought to determine which was to have the moulding of Peter. But he had set his heart now on getting to the very essentials of this problem; he was resolved to be blinded by no fair appearances, and though these schools seemed as firmly rooted and stoutly prosperous as British oaks and as naturally grown as they, though they had an air of discharging a function as necessary as the beating of a heart and as inevitably, he still kept his grip on the idea that they were artificial things of men's contriving, and still pressed his questions: What are you trying to do? What are you doing? How are you doing it? How do you fit into the imperial scheme of things?

So challenged, these various high and headmasters had most of them the air of men invited to talk of things that are easier to understand than to say. They were not at all pompous about their explanations; from first to last Oswald never discovered the pompous schoolmaster of legend and history; without exception they seemed anxious to get out

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of their gowns and pose as intelligent laymen; but they were not intelligent laymen, they did not explain, they did not explain, they waved hands and smiled. They "hoped" they were "turning out clean English gentlemen." They didn't train their men specially to any end at all. The aim was to develop a general intelligence, a general goodwill.

"In relation to the Empire and its destiny?" said Oswald.

"I should hardly fix it so definitely as that," said Overtone of Hillborough.

"But don't you set before these youngsters some general aim in life to which they are all to contribute?"

"We rather leave the sort of contribution to them," said Overtone.

"But you must put something before them of where they are, where they are to come in, what they belong to?" said Oswald.

"That lies in the world about them," said Overtone. "King and country—we don't need to preach such things."

"But what the King signifies—if he signifies anything at all—and the aim of the country," urged Oswald. "And the Empire! This greatness of ours beyond the seas."

"We don't stress it," said Overtone. "English boys are apt to be suspicious and ironical. Have you read that delightful account of the patriotic lecture in Stalky and Co.? Oh! you *should.*"

A common evasiveness characterized all these headmasters when Oswald demanded the particulars of Peter's curriculum. He wanted to know just the subjects Peter would study and which were to be made the most important, and then when these questions were answered he would demand: "And why do you teach this? What is the particular benefit of that? How does this other fit into your scheme of a clear-minded man?" But it was difficult to get even the first questions answered plainly. From the very outset he found himself entangled in that long-standing controversy upon the educational value of Latin and Greek. His circumstances and his disposition alike disposed him to be sceptical about the supreme value of these shibboleths of the British academic world. Their share in the time-table was enormous. Excellent gentlemen who failed to impress him as either strong-minded or exact, sought to convince him of the pricelessness of Latin in strengthening and disciplining the mind; Hinks of Carchester, the distinguished Greek scholar, slipped into his hand at parting a pamphlet asserting that only Greek studies would make a man write English beautifully and precisely. Unhappily for his argument Hinks had written his pamphlet neither beautifully nor precisely. Lippick, irregularly bald and with neglected teeth, a man needlessly unpleasing to the eye, descanted upon the Greek spirit, and its blend of wisdom and sensuous beauty. He quoted Euripides at Oswald and breathed an antique air in his face—although he knew that Oswald knew practically no Greek.

"Well," said Oswald, "but compare this," and gave him back three good minutes of Swahili.

"But what does it mean? It's gibberish to me. A certain melody perhaps."

"In English," Oswald grinned, "you would lose it all. It is a passage of—oh! quite fantastic beauty." . . .

No arguments, no apologetics, stayed the deepening of Oswald's conviction that education in the public schools of Great Britain was not a forward going process but a habit and tradition, that these classical schoolmasters were saying "nothing like the classics" in exactly the same spirit that the cobbler said "nothing like leather," because it was the stuff they had in stock. These subjects were being for the most part slackly, tediously and altogether badly taught to boys who found no element of interest in them, the boys as a class were acquiring a distaste and contempt for learning thus presented, and a subtle, wide demoralization ensued. They found a justification for cribs and every possible device for shirking work in the utter remoteness and uselessness of these main subjects; the extravagant interest they took in school games was very largely a direct consequence of their intense boredom in school hours.

Such was the impression formed by Oswald. To his eyes these great schools, architecturally so fine, so happy in their out-of-door aspects, so pleasant socially, became more and more visibly whirlpools into which the living curiosity and happy energy of the nation's youth were drawn and caught, and fatigued, thwarted, and wasted. They were beautiful shelters of intellectual laziness and tedium—from which Peter must if possible be saved.

But how to save him? There was, Oswald discovered, no saving him completely. Oswald had a profound hostility to solitary education. He knew that except through accidental circumstances of the rarest sort, a private tutor must necessarily be a poor thing. A man who is cheap enough to devote all his time to the education of one boy can have very little that is worth imparting. And education is socialisation. Education is the process of making the unsocial individual a citizen. . . .

Oswald's decision upon Caxton in the end was by no means a certificate of perfection for Caxton. But Caxton had a good if lopsided Modern Side, with big, business-like chemical and physical laboratories, a quite honest and living-looking biological and geological museum, and a pleasant and active layman as headmaster. The mathematical teaching, instead of being a drill in examination solutions was carried on in connection with work in the physical and engineering laboratories. It was true that the "Modern Side" of Caxton taught no history of any sort, ignored logic and philosophy, and in the severity of its modernity excluded even that amount of Latin which is needed for a complete mastery of English; nevertheless it did manifestly interest its boys enough to put games into a secondary place. At Caxton one did not see boys playing games as old ladies in hydropaths play patience, desperately and excessively and with a forced enthusiasm because they had nothing better to do. Even the Caxton school magazine did not give much more than two-thirds of its space to games. So to Caxton Peter went, when Mr. Mackinder of White Court had done his duty by him.

Mr. Henderson, the creator of Caxton, was of the large sized variety of schoolmaster, rather round-shouldered and with a slightly persecuted bearing towards parents; his mind seemed busy with many things, buildings, extensions, governors, chapels. Oswald walked with him through a field that was visibly becoming a botanical garden, towards the school playing-fields. Once the schoolmaster stopped, his mind distressed by a sudden intrusive doubt whether the exactly right place had been chosen for what he called "a biological pond." He had to ask various questions of a gardener and give certain directions. But he was listening to Oswald nevertheless.

Oswald discoursed upon the training of what he called "the fortunate Elite." "We can't properly educate the whole of our community yet perhaps," he said, "but at least these expensive boys of ours ought to be given everything we can possibly give them. It's to them and their class the country will look. Naturally. We ought to turn out boys who know where they are in the world, what the Empire is and what it aims to do, who understand something of

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their responsibilities to Asia and Africa and have a philosophy of life and duty . . ."

"More of that sort of thing is done," said Mr. Henderson, "than outsiders suppose. Masters talk to boys. Lend them books."

"In an incidental sort of way," said Oswald. "But three-quarters of the boys you miss. . . . Even here, it seems, you must still have your classic side. You must still keep on with Latin and Greek, with courses that will never reach through the dull grind to the stale old culture beyond. Why not drop all that? Why not be modern outright, and leave Eton and Harrow and Winchester and Westminster to go the old ways? Why not teach modern history and modern philosophy in plain English here? Why not question the world we see, instead of the world of those dead Levantines? Why not be a modern school altogether?"

The headmaster seemed to consider that idea. But there were the gravest of practical objections.

"We'd get no scholarships," he considered. "Our boys would stop at a dead end. They'd get no appointments. They'd be dreadfully handicapped . . ."

"We're not a complete system," said Mr. Henderson. "No. We're only part of a big circle. We've got to take what the parents send on to us and we've got to send them on to college or the professions or what not. It's only part of a process here—only part of a process . . ."

Just as the ultimate excuse of the private schoolmasters had been that they could do no more than prepare along the lines dictated for them by the public school, so the public school waved Oswald on to the university. Thus he came presently with his question to the university, to Oxford and Cambridge, for it was clear these set the pattern of all the rest in England. He came to Oxford and Cambridge, as he came to the public schools, it must be remembered, with a fresh mind, for the navy had snatched him straight out of his preparatory school away from the ordinary routines of an English education.

H. G. WELLS.

CORRESPONDENCE

Higher Pay for Teachers

SIR: The fact that few women are choosing the teaching profession is looked upon with deep concern by educators throughout the country. The factory, the farm, the hospital, the canteen, social service are calling loudly on women to be patriotic and take up one of these lines of work.

With a few months' training a woman can command a good salary in almost any of the new avenues which have opened within the past twelve months. A "grade" teacher is required to have a certain number of years' schooling and a year or two of special training before she can receive a salary of $600, which, by slow degrees, may reach a maximum of $900. Women who are excellent teachers are now leaving their schoolrooms to enter offices where the pay will be far greater than that which they now get. A teacher in a large public school said to me, "I have taught here ten years and now I am going to Washington to do some patriotic work for my country."

Surely nothing is more patriotic than moulding children into honest, intelligent citizens who will "keep the world safe for democracy." Women teachers must be better paid, and the magnitude and patriotism of their work must be stressed if our country have its future citizens trained by competent women.

MIRIAM THOMAS.

Haverford, Pennsylvania.

"Enemy" Citizens?

SIR: Some time ago there appeared in the press a news item to the effect that the Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker, had sustained a verdict by a military court against certain drafted men, citizens of the United States but born in Austria, who had refused to serve on the ground that they have relatives in Austria.

In the course of that opinion the Secretary of War stated that the country had a right to call upon these men for service because, since they were naturalized citizens, they had equal rights with other citizens.

I wish to take exception to this statement. I am myself a citizen of the United States, born in Austria, and I know of my own experience that we do not receive equal treatment with other citizens in the military or naval service. I personally have been refused enlistment in the United States Naval Reserve on the sole ground that I was born in Austria, and I am informed by the War Department that I cannot be commissioned in the United States Army for the same reason. At the same time I must go in the draft. Under these circumstances it is apparent that citizens born in Austria are practically reduced to helots in the American army, for they are informed in advance that the most conscientious efforts on their part to win promotion will go unrewarded.

I have taken this matter up with both the War and Navy Departments to no effect, and my Congressman, who has also taken this matter up with both the War and Navy Departments, informs me that he can do nothing in the matter. I am simply informed that I must abide by the rules, although the rules deprive me of most valuable rights to which I am entitled under the law as a citizen of the United States.

May I not ask you to give this matter the courtesy of your columns in the hope that it will result in removing an injustice to which we naturalized citizens born in Austria are being subjected?

H. L. KLEIN.

Does Not Condemn the Foreign Language Press

SIR: My attention has been called to the communication in your issue of May 4, signed by Della R. Prescott of the Free Public Library, of Newark, N. J., on "A Useful Foreign Language Press." Your correspondent is unfortunate in her choice of a text since the United States Chamber of Commerce has not at any time "wished to abolish the foreign language newspapers." Rather it is on record against such action.

I agree heartily with your correspondent, however, in her exhortation that we should not be "hot and stupid when the times demand coolness and wisdom."

ELLIOTT H. GOODWIN.

Washington, D. C.

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Totem and Taboo

Totem and Taboo, by Sigmund Freud. Translated by A. A. Brill. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $2.00.

IT is now a good many years since William James made his first references to Freud, but it is only in the last ten years that Freud's name has come to be well circulated in America. Even yet the subjects of psychoanalysis and analytic psychology are comparatively new. They have still to make their way into ordinary college courses and into general medical acceptance. Because Freud's inquiry has dealt so largely with sex there has been a keen interest in it outside scientific and professional circles. A small but avid public has seized on his work not so much for his new technique as for the satisfaction of thwarted curiosity and the orientation of personal conduct. This is scarcely remarkable. On no important subject are great numbers of people so ignorant as on sex—not merely sex in its hygienic aspects but sex as a powerful and pervasive life-motive. But it is rather unlucky for Freud that he should have been so promptly espoused by the unscientific layman when the capital object must have been the conversion of teachers and practitioners. A claque is always bound to discourage and antagonize the senators of any institution. Luckily, the publishers in America have understood the genuine interest in psychoanalysis and analytic psychology, and there is now a quite extensive literature in English for the equipment of any student. The firm of Moffat, Yard & Company has done particularly handsome service in this respect. By providing translations as well as by favoring original American contributions, this firm has acquired an excellent list of psychological studies. Dr. Alfred Adler's Neurotic Constitution, Dr. Jung's Analytical Psychology and his Psychology of the Unconscious, Freud's Delusion and Dream, Dr. Pfister's The Psychoanalytic Method, Dr. Isador Coriat's useful little What Is Psychoanalysis? and Dr. Frink's Morbid Fears and Compulsions—these are by no means all of their publications in this branch of research and exposition. The material is now available in English for much more than a haphazard investigation of "the unconscious." It is a difficult work for any publisher to have undertaken, and a most creditable one, and the way is prepared for introducing general arterial drainage into the mind of man.

Professor Freud's volume on Totem and Taboo is an attempt to enlist psychoanalytic study for the elucidation of these two ethnological problems. The book sees in the taboo a somewhat familiar phenomenon. The original meaning of totemism is more baffling. This it seeks "through its infantile traces, that is, through the indications in which it reappears in the development of our own children." These hypotheses are intended for "students of ethnology, philology, folklore and of the allied sciences," as well as psychoanalysts, but the author does not propose to do much more than stimulate his readers. His chapters, he says, "will furnish the former [the ethnologists] with sufficient insight into the new psychological technique, nor will the psychoanalysts acquire through them an adequate command over the material to be elaborated." But the suggestion is clear, the large and luminous hypothesis, and it is for some one else to amplify.

Those who are outside both ethnology and psychoanalysis may not expect to find much in these four essays, but perhaps one outsider may say that the book is extraordinarily provocative. It is not easy for the outsider to read it. While reading it his undisciplined mind takes some impressions much better than others, as if the ink of attention were not evenly or cleanly distributed. The result is muggy and blurred. But with all the disadvantages of imperfect apprehension and distressing inconclusion when the book is finished (I speak for myself) there is a thrilling sense of having had contact with a mind at work on the root-problems of human behavior. Much that is shoved out of sight is indispensable to the understanding of society, and it is the merit of Freud's excursion into the psychic life of savages that he finds exciting and illuminating clues to the aberrations of men and women and their intractability in the harness of civilization today. By groping among the brutal and bloody origins of society in the interest of psychology something emerges beside the usual dry memoranda on the Barongos and the Wakambas. A living connection is established between the Barongos and the people we know best. Freud is aware, of course, of the peculiar dangers of his own specialism. "An intellectual function in us demands the unification, coherence and comprehensibility of everything perceived and thought of, and does not hesitate to construct a false connection if, as a result of special circumstances, it cannot grasp the right one." How far Freud has avoided these temptations the expert must decide. He himself admits "improbability" in his own amazing conclusion that "the beginnings of religion, ethics, society, and art meet in the Oedipus complex." But in stating this "remarkable convergence" it is only fair to Freud to show the temper of his own comment on his conclusion. "This is in entire accord," he believes, "with the findings of psychoanalysis, namely, that the nucleus of all neuroses, as far as our present knowledge goes, is the Oedipus complex. It comes as a great surprise to me that these problems of racial psychology can also be solved through a single concrete instance, such as the relation to the father. Perhaps another psychological problem must be included here. We have so frequently had occasion to show the ambivalence of emotions in its real sense, that is to say the coincidence of love and hate towards the same object, at the root of important cultural formations. We know nothing about the origin of this ambivalence. It may be assumed to be a fundamental phenomenon of our emotional life. But the other possibility seems to me also worthy of consideration: that ambivalence, originally foreign to our emotional life, was acquired by mankind from the father complex (that is to say, the parent complex), where psychoanalytic investigation of the individual today still reveals the strongest expression of it."

The important point here is Freud's recognition of ambivalence. Just as no physical twinge is without its significance in physiology, so no psychic twinge is without its significance in psychology, and Freud's magnificent service is to recognize and account for those awkward and disregarded emotions—such as mingled love and hate—of which life is full. There may be fancifulness in his adaptation of the Darwinian anecdote, his account of the tyrannous father slain by the oppressed sons who thereafter preclude sex-rivalry and incest and thereby give rise to the totem. But there is absolutely no fancifulness in the facts he faces. In the end the knowledge of man's psyche may no more resemble Freud's than our present knowledge of the circulation of the blood resembles the Greeks'. But the adventure opened out by Freud is beyond doubt a supreme adventure, and his version of totem and taboo shows the same livingness of conception as his portrayal of Leonardo and his establishment of the meaning of dreams.

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What significance has it for the layman? A group with the totem of the bull-moose is no longer forced to look for mates among the elephants and the donkeys. A bull-moose may marry a cow-moose, if he wants to. Similarly, one may be an elk or a wolf's head or an eagle or a Bones without exhibiting any of the other traces of infantility. The humiliating initiation into secret societies undoubtedly exhibits the same ambivalence that accompanies the selection of a king among savages. There is something arcane about the mere fact of a secret society. But what of it? How does it bear on conduct today? To read Totem and Taboo is to find many answers. It is to see in a new light our hero-worships and hero-slayings, our anxiety to believe that Hindenburg has once more died of apoplexy, our willingness to burn people in effigy and to make psychological short-cuts under the urgency of passion. Our little brown brothers are still inside us. We are bone and tissue with them. If we partake of communion instead of cannibalism, we are still fraternal with cannibalism. Freud's establishment of the Oedipus complex as central is probably correct. Even if not correct, the investigation is at the kernel of psychological science. There is a man in us that is still a cave-dweller, and our own brain and heart is the cave. Into that cave Freud has thrown a ray of research, and the darkest outsider is given to see.

F. H.

A Glass of Fashion

Correspondence of Sir Arthur Helps. New York: John Lane Co. $4.

THE flavor of the mid-Victorian age passes rapidly beyond our senses. We have entered upon an epoch so new in its desires and problems that the analysis of the lesser men has already become the scholar's topic. Who now reads Miss Charlotte Yonge, or Mrs. Oliphant, or L. E. L.? It is to this fast-growing band of the half-forgotten that Sir Arthur Helps belongs. The author of essays that Carlyle and Ruskin and Lord Morley read with pleasure, today he is put on the high shelf of the second-hand stores. His thoughts on Government perhaps escapes the hundred worst books; but it is on the authority of his friends rather than upon its own merits. His essay on the Spanish colonies has a certain air of fine solidity, and he examined the Spanish archives before Froude. Yet it is still the volume of a benevolent amateur who undertakes the fashionable art of writing history. For the rest, Helps cut some figure in his day. The Clerk to the Privy Council could not help meeting people of distinction, and these letters prove him an amiable gossip monger to his contemporaries.

They are also an important revelation of a type of leisured mind that is happily becoming rarer as the duty of social thought filters downwards to our governing class. Helps is the eager purveyor of dainty thoughts preserved in the amber of a style not without distinction. Everything about him was essentially correct. He was the passionate admirer of the Queen. He was the most eager mourner of the Prince consort, lamentations for whose death make the survival of England so difficult to explain. He went out as a special constable in the great Chartist days of 1848 and wrote a congratulatory letter to his fellow-constables which is a miracle of governmental ineptitude. He suppressed a youthful volume. He attempted fame by corresponding with Charles Eliot Norton—the Nassau Senior of America. He danced at the royal balls to the Castle servants, alternating with genial condescension between the cook and the Princess of Wales. He wrote letters with those literary allusions that betoken a study with the pleasant smell of musty volumes and mahogany chairs. He had the sentiment for animal life which made him dubious about the personal character of Professor Huxley. He had all the right suspicions about the parliamentary game. He never liked Disraeli until the latter's position was secure. He doubted Cobden and Bright until they were patently moral assets to Great Britain. Labor moves across his stage as something to which employers may be kind. He was the original suggester of that Leaves From our Life in the Highlands, in which Queen Victoria laid bare the nature of royal domesticity. He felt sinful when he wrote private letters in official hours. He refused to compete against the Duke of Argyle for the Rectorship of Edinburgh University. He discussed the seven great inventions with the ladies of the court and could not secure their assent to the inclusion of chloroform. It is a life unmarred by any social blunders. He is the Chevalier Bayard of Windsor and Osborne.

Yet what, in the end, does it avail? Sir Arthur Helps was obviously interested in life and he appears to have enjoyed the varied experience which fell to his lot. But there is nowhere any evidence in his book that he ever entered widely or profoundly into the real questions of his time. The slow erosion of orthodox Christianity left him silent. The harvesting of the Industrial Revolution left him unmoved. The slow growth of the working classes to political significance aroused in him no more than a spasmodic and baffled resentment. He was the complete gentleman. He knew all the right people and he had access to all the right institutions. The policeman saluted him as he walked past Downing street; and at a dinner party he was placid and undisturbing enough to be placed within measurable distance of the Queen. He obviously gave a certain pleasure to Ruskin and Carlyle. He provided Dickens with the opportunity of displaying himself in the attitude smothered by Thackeray in his Book of Snobs. A workman once derived comfort from his volumes. But his whole life, in a period of singular intellectual turbulence, was always pathetically serene. He had commonplace thoughts to think, and he thought them aloud in ten volumes. He had useful friends, and they gave him a valuable sinecure. Beyond that, there is unruffled mediocrity.

What troubles one in reading this book of letters is the sense that dignity and care can be so lightly secured where they can be so largely and tragically missed. No viceroy or prime minister ever bothered about John Davidson or Richard Middleton or Churton Collins. No men of letters wrote them pleasant encomia to speed them on their way. Yet all of them were of the essential stuff of life and Churton Collins in particular purified a critical spirit that had fallen into the slough of well-paid despondency. The real truth doubtless is that they refused to accept the established order and battled for the dreams they knew to be truth. The central defect of mid-Victorianism, as Helps so superbly typifies, is an inability to dream. It was sleek and prosperous. Art meant Alma-Tadema and Marcus Stone. Literature meant Helps and Mrs. Oliphant. Poetry meant Miss Landon and the lesser Tennyson and Alfred Austin. Science was something hostile to religion and its politics was the struggle for a change in government. There is, of course, another side. Dickens contributed a long row of eager protests in his Podsnaps and Pecksniffs and Bounderbys. Carlyle wrote a flaming protest. Mill and George Eliot stand on the heights

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of intellectual creativeness. But Disraeli apart, the governing type was the man whom Helps embodies, and it is not too much to say that he never confronted squarely any essential question. The philosophy he represents is that of the Anglican catechism; and in politics it became organized into the meretricious gaudiness of the Primrose League. The real men of the generation, Darwin, Huxley, Clark-Maxwell, Meredith, men like Helps either recognized never at all, or accorded unwilling welcome when refusal was no longer possible. Helps, in fact, is a fair specimen of the thing least pleasant in English society. He was of that upper middle-class so fascinated by the glamour of birth and wealth as to accept without question the civilization he inherits. It is the fortune of the present century that men have arisen to whom it is a matter for challenge. It is the achievement of labor on the one hand, and of science and philosophy on the other, that they have shot to pieces the conception that mediocrity is estimable by reason of its pedigree. Mr. Wells, in a hundred books, Mr. Galsworthy in some unforgetable portraits, Mr. Shaw by his incisive raillery, have completed that admirable work. The way lies open to a newer and better destiny.

H. J. L.

Conclusive History

Norman Institutions, by Charles Homer Haskins. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.75.

IT is not often that the historical investigator happens upon a job that can be finished with something like the same completeness that may be given the solutions of the worker in the exact sciences. Professor Haskins seems to have had that good fortune. Of course nothing like demonstration is possible in history, and the completeness which can be given to a historical study is of a different sort from the mathematician's, but it is not less real. It is a completeness which leaves nothing else of its kind to be done, so long as the conditions determining our knowledge remain as they are.

Normandy is not a large land. The places in which the documents and records of the eleventh and twelfth centuries have been deposited, like the fossils of some geologic age, and the libraries and archives outside into which they have drifted are not numerous. In Normandy also unfortunately a rather larger proportion of what once existed has been destroyed than is usually the case. So it is that even the not extensive leisure of a university professor gives time in a series of years to search out and examine all that has survived. This is the first merit of Professor Haskins's book and a part of its completeness. It gives the impression that industry and thoroughness have done all that is possible, that everything which has escaped destruction has been found and examined. Unless some new fossil bed is somewhere opened up, we have the sum total. The second element of completeness and the second merit of the book is the carefulness and accuracy with which the material has been prepared for study. It is hard to find a place where the criticism and preparation of the texts seem questionable, and this is of the greatest importance for upon the trustworthiness of this kind of work the security of all our historical conclusions depends.

The problems upon which this gathered material has its bearing are of somewhat more interest to men who are not scholars than the ordinary problems of historical investigation because they concern the very foundations of our constitutional liberty and our administration of the law. We are here studying the early history and the transfer to England of the jury and the circuit court system, the origin of the common law, the first steps in modern criminal procedure, the recovery of the state's jurisdiction from the courts of the Church, the beginning of the modern governmental financial system and, of wider constitutional significance, things which were in those days closely bound up with these institutional changes, the increasing centralization of the state, the strengthening absolute power of the king, which were no small influences leading to Magna Carta and the foundation of modern free government. Upon all these topics Professor Haskins's study of Norman institutions either gives us directly some new lights or puts at the command of other scholars new sources of information.

It has always been the especial pride of the Anglo-Saxon race that its institutions for the administration of the law have not been narrowly limited to legal ends but have also been essential parts of its civil liberty: that the jury for instance has been as great a protection of the citizen against an arbitrary government as against unjust accusations of crime or interference with property rights, and that from the common law we have been able to draw fundamental principles of free government, as in our American so-called Bill of Rights in the first ten amendments to the Constitution of the United States. It is well known that the group of legal institutions from which these results have come, of which the jury may be taken as the type, did not have their first beginning in England. They were brought to England by the Normans who received them from the

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Franks, and they go back to the Frankish empire of the seventh century, and some of the most characteristic of them like the jury very probably grew out of the administrative needs of the later Roman Empire before the Frankish conquest. Through all these long centuries, however, from the seventh to the twelfth, they had shown no tendency to expand beyond their administrative use. As they first appear under the Norman kings, they are practically the same that they were under Charlemagne. Their evolution from the mere germ to a new and larger growth was something that occurred wholly on English ground. Whence came the impulse? Where and when did this epoch-making expansion begin which was to transform the administrative expedients of an imperial absolutism into the protective institutions of democratic freedom? It is upon this question that Professor Haskins's work throws the most new light, and indeed it may be said that we are now able to give it a final answer.

It was not in England but in Normandy that the impulse was first felt. In the troubled days of the reign of Stephen when the royal power, which in feudal times alone protected the weaker members of the community, grew irresolute and failed in this duty, Normandy fell into the hands of Geoffrey of Anjou, son-in-law of King Henry I and father of King Henry II of England. He seems to have shared to some extent the Plantagenet genius for organized government. One eventful innovation at least he made. He opened to general use by assize, that is by legislative act, the royal administrative process of investigation into disputed facts, inquest they called it and we still call it in some cases, by sworn men of the locality who answered from their knowledge of the facts questions submitted to them by the justices. This was the jury, the institution of which the sworn oath (juré) was an essential feature. Just what the remoter impulse was which led Geoffrey to take this step, we do not know unless it was a desire to assist the Church, especially the bishopric of Bayeux, in recovering the endowment lands of which it had been despoiled in the times of anarchy. What followed is better known. Henry II carried out still more widely his father's beginning, enlarged the list of cases in which the jury might be used by anyone who wished, and associated it with a reorganization of an earlier English practice, also of Norman origin, of itinerant royal justices through circuits of the English counties. In these courts and especially it would seem under the stimulus of the new jury procedure, our common law began and, touching every corner of the kingdom as they did, they so strengthened the royal hold upon every man that the tyranny of John was made possible and the way prepared for Magna Carta, the foundation of all modern constitutional government.

It was indeed an eventful beginning which was made by Geoffrey, and the definite proof that it was due to him is the most important contribution to wider history made by Professor Haskins. A somewhat careful study of the material now available in the book shows nothing else equal to this, though there are a goodly number of comparatively minor cases in which we are able to enlarge or rectify our knowledge. One of these lesser interests which are large enough to deserve specific mention—the evidence, which though not absolute proof seems conclusive, that the early governmental system of financial accounting which was known as the Exchequer goes back in Normandy into the days of William the Conqueror. The total harvest in what is new and in the prepared material of investigation put at the service of later workers in constructive history abundantly justifies the time and labor of the years which have gone to the making of the book.

G. B. Adams.

Recent Publications

The Statue in the Wood. By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

IT has been popularly supposed that scientists have no heart. This is not true, as Mr. Richard Pryce shows. He has done here a fine and delicate piece of work, and his severest critic could not say that he has not been as gentle as he is skillful. That modest Victorian, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, admitted the influence of natural beauty on conduct,

"In the spring a young man's fancy," etc.,

but it has remained for a bolder man to show that formal beauty or conscious art can be just as poignant. Anne Forrester had slept, untroubled by dreams, until she was thirty. Then coming back, a widow, to her husband's old home, she sees for the first time a statue in the wood, "a sitting boy of haunting, hurting loveliness . . . with calm, patience, and knowledge, and under these a something which may have made for knowledge but did not make for peace." It is now that Anne's eyes begin to unclose—they are indeed open, but with the wide, unseeing stare of the new-born. It is thus that she becomes aware of Timothy Coram; she feels him though she does not see him, just as she falls in love with the beauty which is he though she does not understand it. She is emotionally aware of the man whose emotions she in no way apprehends.

Timothy himself is another statue in a wood who takes life as it comes to him and builds no philosophy out of the experiences which make it. Anne looked on Timothy and found him beautiful; she assumed therefore that he was also "correct," religious, Victorian. And Timothy, understanding nothing of Sacred or Profane Love, makes, in her words, a stirrup cup of a chalice, and rides away. But, in passion he has found love, so he rides back again to a lady who loves him but cannot speak his language,—a lady who, though she dies for it, will have him speak her own. It is Claudia, Anne's friend, who knows the common language and is the interpreter, a superbly clever and understanding Claudia who is as amusing a god as ever issued from a machine. Divinity is not so simple, however, as in the days when Aladdin rubbed his lamp. It is more akin to plowing or conserving the fats. The same reasons and arguments must be used again and again until Anne knows that not all that is spoken can be said in English. And then a god may rest.

In stories of other times it is often difficult to get past costumes to the person who wears them, and it is entirely to the author's credit that he does not allow his settings to hamper him. Better men have been crushed by them. Real people granted, 1918 discovers with a start that 1870 can be clever and amusing,—that people then lived who do not have to be described as "sprightly." The advertisement speaks of the author as thoroughly understanding the feminine heart; he not only understands it, he overestimates it. For there is no particular reason to believe, despite the jeers at women's colleges, that what the modern woman with her background of biology and psychology fails to get in the matter of

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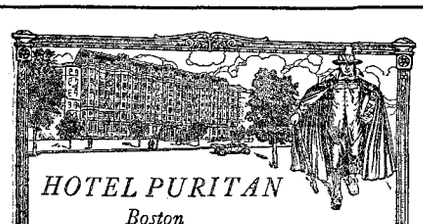

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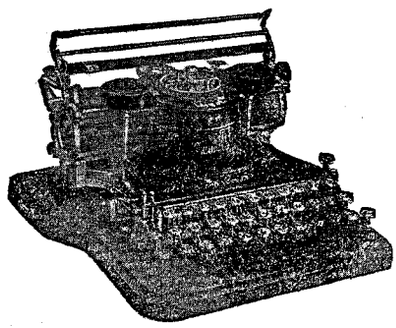

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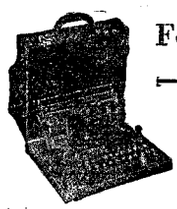

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masculine morals and mental workings would be so easily perceptible to an orthodox lady of an orthodox era. As a matter of fact, Claudia is a bit too clever to be a churchgoer.

A Russian Schoolboy, by Serge Aksakoff. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.40.

HAD an Englishman or American, reared in the tradition of correctness or reserve, presented this work to us as part of an autobiography of childhood, our credulity would have been severely taxed. We might be tempted to believe that he had drawn more on his imagination than on his memory and we would, therefore, be led to discount the greater half of the work. But when a Russian presents us with the intimate details of his childhood, in all its wealth of detail, dragged up from the bottom depths of consciousness and memory, our credulity is at once enlisted and we prepare to read in full faith. The Russian cares so much about the truth that he doesn't seem to be able to deceive even if by means of the deception he might achieve a more heightened literary effect. Such fidelity to the truth we encounter rarely among the professional writers of other lands.

Roughly, we may class this work as a piece of strictly honest autobiography in which bias does not manifest itself in the unrealistic exclusion of some detail and unnatural emphasis on others. From the infinite variety of detail and impression we do not find it difficult to reconstruct the little world in which young Serge moved, the house of his parents and the hated school at Kazan. There were many beautiful moments in Serge's childhood and boyhood. To Serge, to pursue a hobby seemed to consecrate himself to a noble purpose. The most important hobbies were acting, butterfly collecting, hunting and journal editing. Serge was a deeply sensitive boy, sensitive and sensitized to the point of efficiency, a boy who found deepest and most satisfying joy in love of mother, in the beautiful images which poetry and classic literature evoked, in the wild beauty of nature and in the abandon with which he consecrated himself to his hobbies.

These memories must have been deeply imbedded in the mind of Aksakoff for they were written when he had reached beyond the half-century mark. Without doubt, this section of Aksakoff's autobiography has the veracity of all recollection honestly, but none the less artistically, recorded.

Contributors

to this Issue

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT is a graduate of Bryn Mawr College and is the author of French Perspectives. Has been in France for several months and is contributing a series of articles to The New Republic.

EUGENE S. BAGGER—A Hungarian residing in this country. Formerly associate editor of the Szabadag, a Hungarian newspaper of Cleveland, Ohio. Now with the Cleveland Press.

ROSE STRUNSKY was born in Russia and was brought up in New York, where she now resides. She was through the Russian Revolution of 1906. She is translator of Tolstoi's Diary and Gorki's The Confession. She is the author of Abraham Lincoln.

KENNETH MACGOWAN is a dramatic critic who has been writing lately about the movies. He was formerly assistant dramatic editor of the Boston Evening Transcript, and is now with the New York Tribune.

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GEORGE B. ADAMS has been professor of history at Yale since 1888. His latest work is The Origin of the English Constitution.

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"There are not enough indiscretions," was the only criticism leveled at "Memories Discreet and Indiscreet," one of the most successful volumes of reminiscences of recent years. "A Woman of No Importance" therefore decided to be more indiscreet.

Among those who appear in the pages of her new volume are Queen Victoria, Queen Alexandra, King Edward VII, the Duke of Connaught, Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop Temple, Lord Brampton, "Old Q," Mr. A. F. Balfour, Mrs. Langtry, the ubiquitous German Emperor, Joseph Chamberlain, Henry Labouchere, to name only a few.

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By CHARLES G. NORRIS. Net, $1.50

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